

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08236328 8

AN

(Porter, V. D.)

South Carolina

1880



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



In Memoriam.

WILLIAM DENISON PORTER.

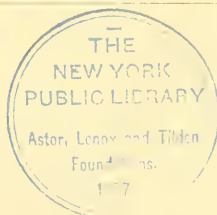
BORN NOVEMBER 24th, 1810.

DIED JANUARY 5th, 1883.

83

The Board of Trustees of the University of South Carolina

THE NEWS AND COURIER BOOK PRESSES,
No. 19 BROAD STREET, CHARLESTON, S. C.



11205

WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY ARMORY, /
Charleston, S. C., January 6, 1883. \

[SPECIAL ORDER, No. 1.]

I. The Commanding Officer announces, with deep emotion, the death of our venerable and beloved Senior Commander, WILLIAM D. PORTER, an event which carries to hundreds of hearts the sense of a personal loss and bereavement. The lovable qualities which shone so uninterruptedly through more than fifty years of our intercourse was the natural and spontaneous reflex of the marked tenderness of his nature, and so it was that in our wide circle of membership he was endeared alike to old and young, as friend and counsellor. He was thoughtful of every one who approached him; he knew by unerring intuition the ways of true grace, which flow out of true kindness; and so it came that he never failed to do the right thing in the right way, and to say the right word at the right time. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," and to the last day of his life he carried this mood of youth, and no one ever heard from his lips a word of satire or discouragement, for his first and greatest impulse was sympathy. To all who have felt the radiant influence of his life, his constant cheerfulness and vigorous hope, the thought that he is now lying in death brings with it an overwhelming solemnity. At such a time it is our especial privilege to speak, for he was very near and very dear to us; and so it is, we have no measure to observe in our praises of him who never listened approvingly to praise while living.

and whose memory needs only the white roses of Truth for funeral garlands.

II. The Honorary, Life, Reserve and Active Members will unite in paying their Tribute of Respect to the memory of the late Hon. WILLIAM D. PORTER, by attending his Funeral Services, at Grace Church, this forenoon, at eleven o'clock, in Citizens' Dress.

By order Capt. ALEX. W. MARSHALL.

J. T. W. FLINT, *First Sergeant*.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

The Funeral Services were appointed at Grace Church at 11 o'clock A. M., on Saturday, January 6th, and were conducted by the Rev. C. C. Pinckney, D. D., Rector, assisted by the Rev. A. Toomer Porter, D. D., of the Church of the Holy Communion. The Washington Light Infantry were present with the Eutaw Flag, which was craped and displayed over the casket, the highest honor the corps could pay to their beloved commander. The pall-bearers were—

Senior—Judge Bryan, Judge Pressley, Judge Magrath, Recorder Pringle, Attorney-General Miles, General DeSaussure, Colonel Simonton, Professor Gibbes, R. N. Gourdin, Esq., Thos. M. Hanckel, Esq., John Conroy, Esq.

Junior—Speaker James Simons, Mayor Courtenay, Master Clancy, Hon. Henry Buist, General Rutledge, Captain Dawson, Colonel Pickens, Samuel Lord, Esq.

WILLIAM DENISON PORTER.

At the meeting of the Washington Light Infantry, held at the Armory on Monday evening, February 5th, 1883, to pay a Tribute of Respect to the memory of their late Senior Commander, upon motion of Capt. Alex. W. Marshall, Commanding, Col. C. H. Simonton, the resident Senior Commander, was requested to preside, and Lieut. W. M. Muckenfuss and Secretary John D. Kelly, were appointed Secretaries.

The chairman opened the meeting with the following address:

Gentlemen of the Washington Light Infantry:

It has become my duty to announce to you the death of the Hon. W. D. Porter, our senior ex-captain.

From whatever standpoint we may review Mr. Porter's life, we find his career rich with precious memories and full of instructive lessons.

A native of this city, educated and trained in her schools and institutions of learning; a student of law with an eminent member of the Charleston Bar; surrounded by the companions of his school and college days, he slowly worked his way up the laborious paths of his responsible profession, and by the force of his character

and his remarkable intellectual endowments, he won and filled a leading place in our community.

In his early youth a private in our ranks, he passed through all the grades of office and became captain of the company. His administration was brilliant and successful. In the long list of our ex-captains, his is the most conspicuous figure, excepting, perhaps, our first captain, William Lowndes.

After he had resigned his command, he remained bound to us in the most intimate association, and by his companionship, his counsel, and his sympathy, he gave to us the support of his great reputation and his powerful influence. To the end of his life the name of William D. Porter was to the Washington Light Infantry "*et presidium et dulce decus*," a tower of strength and a grateful source of pride.

In every relation his was a most attractive and charming character. Whether we recall his triumphs at the bar, persuading juries by the earnestness of his eloquence and by the beauties of his thought and expression; or see him, the profound jurist, expounding the grand principles of the law before courts of last resort; or leading the debate of legislative assemblies, or presiding over their deliberations; or as a great orator on a broader platform, delighting, instructing, convincing the vast audience; or before an angry President vindicating and appealing for his prostrate State, we find him ever rising to the emergency of the occasion, and surpassing even himself.

A statesman of broad views and liberal principles; a lawyer living up to the highest require-

ments of his noble profession: an orator of vivid imagination and delicate fancy, with extraordinary power of expression and amplification: a thinker profound and true: a leader faithful and constant: a friend unswerving and frank: a patriot filled with unselfish love for his State: a citizen devoted to her welfare and casting his all in her cause: "a man gracious and full of compassion and righteous:" he was a great tribune of the people, and his voice drew audience and attention whenever it was raised.

He occupied a place in our community which cannot easily be filled: and when we of the Washington Light Infantry give utterance to our love and admiration for him and to our grief for his loss, we express the universal sentiment of our people.

His life was so intimately interwoven with our life as a company. For over half a century he has been so closely connected with us. He loved us so much and was so much in turn beloved by us. His name and his reputation were so much to us, that it is our duty, our most precious privilege, to place on enduring record the lessons of his life and to pay fitting tribute to his memory.

The life of such a man should never be forgotten. His example should be held up to the emulation of the youth of each generation. His name should be repeated wherever virtue and high intelligence are honored.

Living in the public gaze for a lifetime extended to the full measure of man—repeatedly a candidate for offices of the highest trust—faithfully and fearlessly discharging for years the duties of an advocate—frequently engaged in

active canvass in the most bitter of political contests, with the fierce light of public scrutiny beating upon every transaction of his career, he has gone to his grave leaving behind him no personal animosities, and with a well-earned reputation for spotless integrity.

Capt. George D. Bryan then stated that Judge Bryan, to whom had been assigned the sad but grateful duty of preparing a preamble and resolutions for the occasion, had been called from the city by official business, and it became his pleasing privilege to present this work of love and esteem for his father's old friend. Capt. Bryan then read the preamble and resolutions, which gracefully and faithfully illustrate the crowning virtues, the many laudable traits and the ennobling characteristics in the life of the deceased.

THE PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS.

We have met to take note of the departure of a revered and beloved friend from the scene of his trials, labors and triumphs.

The messenger that comes to all came to him as a kind angel to lift life's burdens, and give him welcome and glad release and entrance into a higher and better world. He had done with life; all that it could give had been given; what remained was its enduring and final reward.

The recognition, appreciation and love that he fondly craved followed him to his last hour. In

fullest measure they cheered and soothed his weary, lingering decline, and waited upon him in loving devotion, as his eyes closed forever upon the things of time. The State which he so faithfully served, this community which was the near witness of his character, many, very many in all our land will have been saddened by his death. To none does it come as it comes to those who gather here. Nearer to him than all beside, save only those who stood nearest, his life has been our life: his happiness our joy: his achievements our glory. Faithful he was to us in all things. Never failing in service when service was needed: never counting sacrifice in our cause when sacrifice was necessary: ever benefactor, counsellor, guide, companion, friend. For half a century he has been one with us and we with him. He never failed us: and it is a cause for sober joy to be able to know and to say that we never failed him.

We would fondly cherish the belief that it was through the Washington Light Infantry that William D. Porter was introduced to the world. With it, as a youth, he went to the Florida war: as its orator again, again and again, in his youth, in his manly prime, and finally in his age, he delivered those ample, thoughtful and brilliant orations which have with others placed his name so high in the roll of American thinkers and orators, and must secure him a permanent place alongside of Winthrop and Everett.

The world of his action was the State. He craved no other: he sought no other. That theatre, however limited, was ample and all-sufficient for the exercise of his affections, and

they were the stimulant of his exertions and the inspiration of his ambition. Not only to work for the State, but to work with it and in it, was the instinctive law of his life. His affectionate spirit would have drooped and pined in any other atmosphere. No one had asserted the doctrine of the sovereignty of the State more absolutely than he. In his address delivered before the Citadel Academy before the war, he stated the grounds of this doctrine with a power of argument, a breadth of illustration, a keenness of analysis, a force of eloquence and a depth of conviction not to be surpassed; and no one has served the State more faithfully, ably and indefatigably than he. No one more jealous of her honor; no one more ardently her lover; no one has more lovingly appreciated her noble past and brought a keener sympathy to her great sorrows, her humiliation, her heroic patience, her marvellous struggles for law, right and self-government. No one has put forth a nobler eloquence in her vindication. No private interests have ever stood between him and her service.

But though the sphere of his action was the State, and his modest, sensitive and gentle spirit clung to the associations of home and neighborhood, and sought the sympathy, fellowship and support of familiar faces and friendly voices, yet his mind was of the utmost expansion, and he possessed a large and liberal soul. He had the mind and heart and soul to discern, to comprehend and to feel the sublime character of Washington. That matchless character—matchless in his esteem—challenged the profoundest homage

of all his being, heart and soul and mind; all the elements of his nature paid overflowing tribute to it. He stood in awe before the image of the sage and hero and patriot, and his heart burned within him and his genius kindled to rapture in contemplation of its glorious lineaments, its majestic proportions and perfect whole; and that character has found no more eloquent, truer consecration than in the last greatest production of his life. Strict and definite and firm in its lines, and chaste as if sculptured marble, the portrait glows with all the colors and warmth of life. It is Washington himself, the founder and Father of his Country, as the hearts of all his countrymen hailed him a century ago, and as the multiplied and varied experiences and vicissitudes of that century have since approved him, their truest friend, their wisest counsellor, their noblest exemplar, their safest guide. And it may well be believed, it could not be otherwise, that he who so fully comprehended the sublime character of Washington, who so truly fathomed the depths of his wisdom and measured the greater depth and height and breadth of his patriotism, and so sympathized with his magnanimous soul—it could not but be that he would fully appreciate the value of the great work of his life, the inevitable birth and offspring of that great heart and mind and soul, the true child of his wisdom and immeasurable love for all his countrymen—that for which he toiled and suffered, fought and prayed—the union of these States! that Americans should have a country and a government controlling the combined resources, commanding the collective forces of all the States—a govern-

ment with rightful authority to keep the peace and secure justice at home, and enforce respect and right abroad—a country which under God's blessing and prosperous fortunes should in good time (as now) be the match of mightiest monarchies and the peer of any nation on the globe; so strong as to make it the policy and the interest of every people to be our friend, and war almost impossible; so strong as to make the burden of great armies unnecessary, and to secure enduring peace without the cruel cost and oppressions of war. But hand in hand with the power necessary to this great nationality justice should go—justice, the cardinal distinction, the controlling element of the character of Washington, should be its vital spirit and conform and mould its entire action. In other words, it should bear the image of Washington, be the expression of his spirit and breathe the impartial, catholic, equal love he bore all his countrymen.

This was the Union, this the Nationality that the Father of his Country craved for the American people. This Union, this Nationality, this Government commanded the homage of our venerable friend. No one more valued it. No one more fully, wisely appreciated it. Few have so eloquently celebrated it. And he never abandoned the Union until in his esteem, and according to his profound conviction, the Union of Washington was no more, and all hope of its perpetuation was forever gone. But he was slow to come to this conclusion. He was unwilling, most unwilling, to believe this to be true. His youthful sympathies, his earliest efforts were in behalf of the Union. He had too constantly

dwelt upon the character of Washington, had too often fondly recounted the story of his life, he had too often dilated upon his wisdom and patriotism, and drank too deeply of his counsels, not to have been profoundly impressed. He did not surrender the Union until he saw no rational ground of hope for its continuance. When so convinced he gave himself to the fortunes of the State without reserve. His whole heart and all his energies were devoted to her service: all that he had and all that he was were hers.

And when the final arbitrament came it was hard indeed for him to accept the award. The cause in which his whole being was absorbed had taken too entire possession of him to make it natural that he should wish or hope to have any other future or know any other country than that which had gone down in absolute defeat, and had left to those who survived it, as their sole possession, their self-respect and their honor.

But when nature had had its way and reason had time to assert itself, and duty come to its proper control, it is matter for devout gratitude and rejoicing that he, our friend, great and good, lived to have other hopes, to be cheered by another future, and return once more in affection and duty to the country, and to lead the way in bringing back his people to the old fold. In good time he became the exponent and champion of those who saw their duty to themselves and to those who were to come after them, in putting forth positive effort in behalf of the Union. With them he became convinced that we could not wisely, safely or dutifully be in the Union and

not of it. That if we would have a country we must give visible token of our wish. That if we would get we must give, and do our part towards the creation of a true, sound national sentiment, and the restoration of a real Union, and a country that would prove itself the symbol of our honor, satisfy every craving of self-respect, defend every right, secure every privilege, and in its administration deal with equal hand, and know no North, South, East or West.

He staked himself broadly on this issue. It was a great and most unselfish adventure in him. He put at hazard the love and confidence of the people that he valued more than aught else. He was prepared to sacrifice himself for them and do for them against their pleasure.

He had his reward, his abundant, exceeding recompense. His brave action in this matter, deliberately taken and consistently pursued, yielded the richest returns to himself and good to the State and country. It did more than aught else to restore kindly relations between the North and the South, and to secure justice and good government to our people.

It was the remark of a very careful and sagacious political observer that the pilgrimage to Bunker Hill of the Washington Light Infantry with their companions in arms, under Fitzhugh Lee, from Virginia, in 1875, made possible the triumph at home and abroad of the State in 1876, the restoration of our Commonwealth to the rule of law and fellowship in the Union. The appearance of a company in Boston, with a Confederate soldier scarcely able from his wounds to bear the flag of Eutaw and Cowpens, and a com-

pany that had left on the battle-field one hundred and ten dead who had rallied under that flag, touched the hearts of the Northern people and wrought conviction where nothing else could. It was a fact that could not be misinterpreted, and brought forth a change in public feeling as general as it was genuine. Mr. Porter, with only a few others, inspired, counselled and supported this patriotic enterprise.

And he lived to know that the American people could be trusted. That there was a public conscience higher and more controlling than party, and a country above and outside of party that would insist upon administrative integrity and a government of law. And that the great party itself that for so many years has ruled the country, again and again, has preferred right to power, and submitted to the denials of a voluntary minority, rather than sanction injustice and wrong. His last days were cheered and comforted with the confident assurance that his beloved State would act her old high part in a Union grander than ever before, and, freed from the root of bitterness which has distracted the American people and been a palsy on her energies and a clog to her feet, would, on a higher plane and a broader civilization, achieve a future surpassing even the prosperity and glory of the olden time.

We have seen how faithfully he served the State, and that his life was spent in her service, and his affections held him to that service. But the same domestic nature made him the devoted servant of the city of his birth and his love, and a zealous worker in all the societies which could

contribute to her prosperity or the elevation of her character. Few of her citizens belonged to so many societies, charitable, literary, educational, as he, and did so much and bore so prominent a part in all. The College of Charleston, his own alma mater, the High School, the Public Schools, the Charleston Library, the South Carolina Society, all bore witness of his faithful and enlightened labors. He was in turn the presiding officer of each and all, and he was for very many years the able and efficient adviser of the City Corporation—its trusted attorney for a generation or more.

And this leads us to add that though his life was essentially political and to serve the general public his vocation and choice, and almost from his nature and gifts a moral necessity, yet the story of his life and his portrait would not be complete if we omitted to state the part he played as an advocate.

He was a great lawyer. He occupied the heights of the profession and lived up to those heights. It was a sphere in which his large ability, his elevated character and singular accomplishment found a congenial field of action. Special skill in the mere machinery of the law and the small details of practice were not his care. He did not and could not seek business. But its largest issues, its broadest questions did not task his mind. In them he was at home. The law was to him as an open book, a living concrete system, known, realized and apprehended by him in all its principles, adaptations and connections. And it was in the discussion of great principles, those principles which consti-

tute the law the guardian of right and the instrument of justice, that his genius shone. To their discussions and development he brought the ample resources of an original mind, fullness of learning, the acutest power of analysis, and he vivified and enforced his argument with the living voice of rare eloquence. And here it is in place to remark, that the power that he put forth was so controlled, so spontaneous and free from all appearance of effort, and so absolutely free from all violence, that the just measure of his power could well have been mistaken by the careless observer. So universal, so inevitable was his ease, grace and beauty, that his strength was almost disguised in the sweetness and graciousness of his utterance, and only those opposed to him truly felt the force of his blows and could justly measure the power before which they went down. In this field of controversy, and too often of angry strife, his quiet, tranquil dignity and judicial calmness and fairness, secured ready audience from the Bench and won him the tender respect and admiration of his brethren of the Bar. His great and varied experience at the Bar, in the Senate and in the councils of the people gave perfect discipline to his large mental gifts. The fullness of wisdom came with years. Time, with its frosts, touched only to ripen and to mellow the fruitage of his mind.

And here in justice to him it must be said, as in the case of his legal preceptor, Mr. Petigru, his greatness could not be measured by the offices he filled. It was in the heart of the people, approved by the universal judgment of the Bar (if fitness and their wishes could have been con-

sulted) that he should have filled the seat of Chief Justice. His own doubts and hesitations as to his physical strength to discharge the duties of the office and other necessities alone ruled it otherwise. He was at home and his whole nature was more satisfied when clothed with the robes of the President of the State Senate: more content than if lifted to a seat in the United States Senate or filling the exalted station of ambassador to the proudest monarchy in the Old World. It was felt by all our people, it was realized by all who came in contact or conflict with his mind or character, that no office, the highest in the country, was too high or too broad for his expansive intelligence, fullness of knowledge and elevation of character.

As in all his intellectual efforts, it was felt that he had not expended his whole strength and that there was still a reserve of power, so as to all stations he filled, yet higher and broader and more important, better became him and did him truer justice. But his dignity was not of office. He elevated every office he filled. His dignity was intrinsic. His was the sovereignty of mind. His was the rank of genius. His the glory of eloquence. His the treasure of learning. His the priceless jewel and unfading crown of character.

In all we have said we have been dealing with our friend's relations to the public, his official life. We cannot part with our theme without coming still nearer to him and saying a word, however brief or insufficient, touching his intercourse with us as a man, as neighbor, companion, friend, in his familiar daily walks, as the

people of Charleston knew him and found him to be in a long life. He was ever modest. His sensibility was extreme, resulting in a reserve and delicacy of manner that never left him. It was that sensibility which long closed his lips and paralyzed his tongue after coming to the Bar, and sealed the fountains whence flowed the full tides of eloquence which have since so long delighted our people. It was only in the warmth and unreserve of familiar friends, or in the company of his love and pride—the Washington Light Infantry—that that reserve melted into genial fellowship. Then only could be known the true worth and sweetness of his companionship, and then also discovered, when this veil of reserve was lifted, that charming humor, so delicate in its suggestions, bright and lovely and innocent as the sudden glow and soft play of the summer lightning. None more relished and enjoyed this communion of heart and mind. But he never had the ambition of a wit. He was ever unobtrusive and more than content to listen and enjoy the triumphs of his companions.

It was that extreme sensibility and tender nature that made him always so courteous and considerate of the rights and feelings of others. He never intruded and was never aggressor. But that very sensibility which made him so careful of others, and never permitted him to offend another's dignity, made him as careful of his own. No one aggressed upon him—and seldom it was—that he did not promptly realize how high a spirit had been offended. Almost womanly soft in his intercourse, when trenched upon he was as quick as lightning and as hard

as steel. His courage was absolute, but never paraded: never known until questioned or needed. Sincere in soul, he was faithful in friendship, as faithful in all things. His manners were of the utmost simplicity, none more approachable and kind to all men and easier of access. This was as true of him as an orator and in his entire demeanor on public occasions as in private intercourse. His form was imposing, and his head and features large and expressive and symmetrical. Dignity was a part of himself, and but the unconscious expression of his noble elevated nature and the power that dwelt within him.

Under the inspiration of speech and when possessed and kindled by the passion of his thought, his presence was majestic. Seldom, if ever indeed, abrupt or incontinent, his thoughts and feelings flowed in a full, deep, resistless current, without break or tumult. Persuasion dwelt upon his lips, and his kindly voice was the voice of persuasion. He impressed, he charmed, he won your assent. He preferred not to extort, or overpower, or force you to his views; but rather to be your fellow and your companion in the road he would have you travel and the goal to which he would bring you. He could not bear domination and he would not dominate himself.

Few indeed so wholly occupied and possessed by public cares were so wholly domestic. Home was indeed his home, his refuge, his citadel. His refreshment was there. There he replumed his wings and strengthened himself for those prolonged flights that so often surprised the world. There too the peace so dear to him;

there too the society of books, which never offend and bring no hurt or bruises to those who live with them, so congenial and welcome to his nature.

He has come to his rest. He has gone to his reward. The sod indeed covers his mortal body, and will conceal forever the noble form and loving countenance which ever greeted us with affection, but his spirit abides and will ever walk with us through all the journey of our lives.

Be it, therefore, Resolved, That in the death of ex-Captain WILLIAM D. PORTER, the Washington Light Infantry have lost a wise counsellor, a true friend, a genial companion. There was no calculation or measure in his service. He brought to our care the watchfulness and solicitude of a father. He was one with us in all our joys and sorrows, our triumphs and disasters. He was one with us in our care for the dead and the living, whom those sacred dead left friendless and destitute. He helped to rear the monumental marble which recorded the service unto death of the one, and helped to give the bread which feeds the life of the other. He illustrated our name, and more than any one beside gave that name to the world and made it familiar in all our land. He ennobled it by his dignity and glorified it by his genius. He has left us an example which we can safely imitate as the model of our conduct, the code of our discipline and the rule of our lives. In being faithful to him the Washington Light Infantry cannot fail in duty to themselves as soldiers, in duty to the State as citizens.

Resolved, That in the death of WILLIAM D. PORTER the State and country have lost a citizen who was an honor to his people; whose career and triumphs gave impressive illustration of the just and beneficent action and influence of our institutions. Without any factitious advantage, without the help of fortune, with only those precious gifts which he received from his Maker, of his own merit and by his own exertions, from the foot of the ladder he won its topmost round. He made himself a cho-

sen, revered, beloved counsellor of the people, and with the love of the people he secured the affection and reverence and friendship of the wisest and best of the land. And when the chosen of the people assembled in solemn council in seasons of difficulty and peril it was most often his place to preside. To him the post of confidence and authority was yielded as if by common consent and by one impulse.

Resolved, That the Washington Light Infantry, in grateful recognition of the peculiar debt they owe the departed and from their great love for him, and also as citizens, interpreting the love and gratitude and veneration for him of the people of his city, State and country, will erect a mural tablet to his memory in Grace Church, in Charleston, S. C., the church of his worship.

Resolved, That the Washington Light Infantry extend their warmest sympathy to the widow and family of the deceased in their great sorrow and bereavement.

The resolutions were seconded with feeling and appropriate remarks by Gen. F. W. Capers, who spoke as follows:

The preamble and resolutions which have been presented by the committee meet our hearty concurrence. They truthfully represent the reverence in which the Washington Light Infantry in all its branches hold the memory of their lamented commander, and express an appreciation of his exalted character which will find an echo in the hearts of all who knew him. And how great was that number!

“Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.”

In our own State, from the mountains to the sea, wherever a noble nature is esteemed or letters are cultivated, or eloquence is admired, the name of William D. Porter is held in honor, and ever will be.

How grandly does his long and varied career terminate! Such a record as he has left to posterity, recognized to be the voice of the whole people under whose constant observation he lived and among whom he died, after a life devoted to the public service and attaining a distinction less brilliant, perhaps, but not less important or less enduring than he might have won in the field—this is a fitting crown for the loftiest ambition.

But I am recalled from even the appearance of eulogy by his own words at your semi-centennial celebration in 1857. His theme was "Washington," and you were celebrating Washington's birthday. "Not to praise him," he said, "not to bear our weak witness to his worth, not for him, but for ourselves, that we may study him and learn of his great example."

As we contemplate the character of Mr. Porter, nothing attracts us more forcibly than the thoroughness with which he made the interests of his people objects of his chief concern. Their social and moral advantage he never lost sight of for a moment. This was especially evident in his addresses to his own corps. How well do I remember his presence in the Phoenix Hall, some nine years ago, when he characterized our volunteer organizations as "places of refuge, where high principles and honorable sentiments may be kept alive, like vestal fires, always under watch, never permitted to be extinguished." Some may think that he saw them as he would have them rather than as they are. But no man knew them better, and our citizen soldiery may well feel pride in such an estimate of their social

value, for his style was crystal and his soul was pure. For himself he felt what it was to love his banner and his people; and he was true to both; true to all that banner symbolized in the past and to all that the public weal demanded in the present. His social addresses invariably contained some word of counsel for the young. In their presence he realized that society could no more dispense with caring for the culture of our youth than agriculture might dispense with the labors of spring. His heart was young to the last of his life. How its fresh waters well up and sparkle in the address which he delivered before the Alumni Association of the College of Charleston in 1871, as he recalls "the day when the bloom of youth was on our hearts and its radiance in our eyes, and Hope held the ladder which young Ambition stood ready and eager to climb."

Yours, gentlemen of the Washington Light Infantry, was not his only shrine. The College furnished another, and the two were not very far apart. On the roll of College graduates you will find many names from your own roster; none nearer to us, none nearer to you than that of William D. Porter. Hear how he spoke to us. These are his words:

"No city or State can grow in greatness that does not give her sons the opportunity of an education at home. Young men educated at home imbibe feelings, sentiments and opinions that are native and racy of the soil. Young men educated abroad are as likely as not to imbibe feelings, sentiments and opinions that are alien, if not injurious or hostile,

to their homes. The native race, the men sprung from the soil, are the men to give character and rule to a land. And to do this they must be educated: and educated thoroughly and in the spirit of its genius, traditions and history. In saying this, it is not meant to inculcate any narrow spirit of provincialism or Chinese system of exclusion. New elements, new men and new ideas are desirable, and necessary to the progress of society. But God help the land which is a prey to strange men, strange policies and strange systems of education! What is meant is, that the underlying and controlling basis of every community should be indigenous, and embody the true genuine sentiment and character of the people of the soil: and that all modification and assimilation must be upon that basis. This is according to the order of nature, of society and of eternal justice: and every violation of it is a violation of the laws of nature and society and of the principles of eternal justice.

Educate your sons at home, then, from the primary schools to the end of the college course. Teach them to love the land of their fathers: to know by heart the story of her heroic past, and to realize that, if ever there was a need for them to be true and strong and steadfast, it is in the time of her suffering and sorrow."

Let me cull one flower more from the rich parterre of this address. It is the closing invocation, the prayer of the grand old patriot as he stood surrounded by the then venerable associates of his youth on the stage of the College in which he was educated and at the very spot where the bugle of our Washington gathered

his followers about that identical Eagle of Eutaw. There, seeking what was best for his people, he exclaims:

“ May the intelligence, faith and morals of our people prove equal to the exigencies in which they are placed, and work out the re-establishment of a social system—

‘ Whose deep foundations lie
In veneration and the people’s love;
Whose steps are equity, whose seal is law.’

“ In the meantime let us borrow something of courage and hope from these lines of the great German poet, Goethe:

‘ The future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow;
We press still thorow
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us—Onward !

And heard are the voices,
Heard are the sages
The worlds and the ages;
‘ Choose well; your choice is
Brief and yet endless.’

Here eyes do regard you
In Eternity’s stillness;
Here is all fullness
Ye brave, to reward you !
Work and despair not ! ”

Venerated shade ! if in eternity’s stillness your eyes regard us, know that we have heard thee. We will work, and despair not, to build the edifice of your hopes in re-established Carolina.

Dr. F. L. Parker also seconded the resolutions in the following eloquent and appropriate words:

We have all listened with emotions of sorrow mingled with pride, to the appropriate and touching tribute expressed in the preamble and resolutions offered to the memory of the Hon. W. D. Porter, our late venerable ex-captain, by Judge Bryan, his life-long friend. They recite in graceful language the varied acquirements and services, and the pure and useful life which distinguished him. We all feel that these resolutions are not only touching but true: we all lament his death, while we would not call him back—"he has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith."

I can add little to what has been so well said by those who have preceded me. But I do esteem it a privilege on this occasion as a member of this corps, which he has served so faithfully and loved so well, to be allowed the opportunity of paying my tribute to the memory of Mr. Porter, and of expressing my appreciation of his character as a Christian gentleman and an officer, in the highest sense of these terms: my appreciation of his services as a citizen in the cause of education, as a prominent counsellor at the bar, as a logical and impressive orator, and my admiration for him as a pure man, a scholar and a polished writer.

Gray's Elegy has made him immortal. If Mr. Porter had not written anything else than his Orations on Washington, they alone deserve to place him on the same plane with Everett or anyone else who has essayed that great theme.

They are equal if not superior to Everett's great oration in conception, analytical breadth and eloquence. In acquirements necessary to maintain these varied positions in private and public life few men were his equals, and fewer still surpassed him.

At college, in the heated controversies of the forum, in the excitement of politics, State and National, in the discharge of duties as a citizen without fee or reward and often without thanks, Mr. Porter has enjoyed the confidence of this community, and has achieved a reputation for capability and integrity rarely attained in a lifetime.

This he has done without exciting unkind criticism or unjust animosities, without interfering with or jostling any one. He had the love and esteem of his associates; he had the respect of his opponents.

While giving my own estimate of Mr. Porter's character I feel that I am feebly expressing the admiration and confidence in which the Washington Light Infantry will always hold his memory. He has served and guided us for many years; we have loved and honored him. We loved him for his manly virtues, his love of truth, his genial manners; we honored him as our commander and for the mental and social endowments which he possessed.

There was a wide gap in our ages. He was in the prime of life when I entered manhood. My first acquaintance with Mr. Porter was when as a cadet at the Citadel I enjoyed with my classmates the hospitalities of the Washington Light Infantry in the evening, after having participat-

ed in the anniversary parade on the 22d of February.

I remember the pleasant words and kindly notice with which he always greeted us, and the interest which he has always taken, in common with this corps, in the State Military Academy. There was a gentle courtesy about him which attracted the confidence of young men and brought them out, while his attainments inspired their emulation.

The alumni of this institution, from its foundation in 1842 to the closing of its doors in 1864, who had the honor of knowing him, unite with us in paying memorial offerings to one whose life and character are so worthy an example.

In recent years I have been more closely thrown with him as a trustee of the Medical College, and learned more fully to appreciate those rare qualities of head and heart which I have endeavored to portray.

For a period of more than thirty years since I first knew Mr. Porter there has scarcely been a meeting of the citizens of Charleston in the general interests of her people—religious, educational, political or literary—at which his tall form, massive brow and thoughtful face has not been seen, a conspicuous figure, advising, controlling or directing. He was always at the post of duty, “in storm, in sunshine and in hail.” After a well-spent life he has gone to his rest. Let us embalm his memory.

Permit me, Mr. Chairman, also to second the resolutions.

A TRIBUTE FROM CHAPLAIN PORTER.

Ex-Capt. Wm. A. Courtenay read the following beautiful tribute to the deceased, prepared by the Rev. A. Toomer Porter, D. D., the chaplain of the company, who was unavoidably absent from the city:

A star has set beneath the horizon, and we meet here, not to mourn its departure, for we know that it has gone to illumine other spheres, to gladden other hearts, going on in increasing brilliancy as it draws ever nearer to the great central light which lightens the universe. Rather the purpose of our meeting is to place on record expressions of our gratitude that this light was permitted to shine for us during so long a portion of our allotted time—a guide through many a dark night, a joy in the midst of many hours of sorrow and sadness.

William Denison Porter has passed from our field of vision, but the impress of his presence has been indelibly engraved in the minds and hearts of those whose eyes are open to see, and who appreciate all that is grand in character and all that is pure and noble in purpose and aim.

No great work of art can arise out of a community which does not in itself possess the elements which the artist concentrates in himself and gives expression to in his creation. So no man like our departed friend could have been reared and developed save among a people who themselves contain those traits which grew in

him under the stimulus of his environment, and he gathering into himself the choicest attributes of his fellows, stands out as their representative, an example, and a benefactor. For thirty-five years it has been my privilege to live in the community which Mr. Porter adorned, and from my earliest acquaintance my admiration for the man has gone on in ever-increasing volume. Other and abler eulogists will illustrate his character, but permit me, gentlemen, to dwell briefly upon what to me seemed the distinguishing characteristic of the great dead.

It was the exquisite tenderness of his nature that was permeated through and through by gentleness, sympathy and love. It was this which made it hard for him to press his convictions where the effect might cause pain to others, and to those who could not read the motives which lay deep in his pure soul, at times created the appearance of timidity. But it was this all-pervading principle which gave to him as a man in private life, or public station, that ineffable sweetness so rarely found in one of his strength and vigor. Doubtless he must have had his faults, for he would not have been a man without them; but such was the whiteness of his soul and the purity of his heart, that the shadows upon his career have been invisible to friend or foe, and now that he has gone we remember nothing but the unvarying brilliancy of his transit from the rising to the going down.

To us, gentlemen of the Washington Light Infantry, is left the legacy of his life. His brilliant intellect was given of God. This may not be granted to many. His golden speech it may

not be ours to imitate. His graceful oratory and dignified presence were his own: but his beautiful example, his spotless character, his gracious charity, we all can emulate, and catching the rays which still illumine the path through which he walked, we may perpetuate the man by striving to reproduce him in the span of life still left to us by the will of Heaven.

Ex-Capt. Wm. A. Courtenay was called on to make the final offering of eloquence at the shrine of the deceased, and responded as follows:

As it has been my privilege from an early period of my life to enjoy a free and almost daily association with our deceased friend and fellow-member, I desire to add my humble tribute to his memory. "The Almighty has stamped grandeur on the mountain, and humility on the valley, but has left the human mind to receive its own impression and achieve its own character." He whom we mourn and honor to-night raised himself, year by year, through a long life to an elevation which made him a central figure in our community. He was foremost of the most learned and gifted of his brethren of the Charleston Bar. His orations on Washington, pronounced before this corps at their invitation in 1857 and 1873, marked by grace, felicity and power of diction, invested with all the beauty of artistic completeness, are in themselves masterpieces of clear, powerful thought and historical portraiture, which could only come as the spontaneous free-gift

offering and tribute of a deep, earnest mind filled with profound reverence and patriotic love for the Father of his Country.

As he was the comfort of the domestic circle, so was he the ornament of our social life. His death is a deep and abiding loss to us all, and throughout our city it is as if a bright guiding light, hitherto visible in all our daily walk, had gone down beyond the horizon. Contemplating this full and rounded Charleston life how clearly, how truly do we realize that the dearest treasures of a community are the recollections of its great men—those impressive personalities whose characters and life-works have become interwoven in the memories, and are kept alive in the activities of those among whom they have lived. Of this highest type of citizenship was our venerable ex-commander, and, as we pass in retrospect those last fifty years of our company life, the lustre of his character and the inspiration of his eloquence speak to us through all the record, and we realize that it is not in our power, by any form of words, to express our lofty esteem and admiration for our deceased member and friend.

Let us trust that his great and noble heart, his brilliant mind, his lofty patriotism, his pure life, his struggles for conscience, his sacrifices for duty, may be held in perpetual remembrance in this company, through all the coming years, as its bright heritage, to cherish and to guard.

Mr. Chairman, it is a consolation to me to be here to-night, to be privileged as a member to speak of him, whose death carries with it no bitter grief, only the natural feeling of regret at

the dissolution of the earthly body which held so noble a soul.

I move the adoption of the preamble and resolutions.

The vote being taken, the preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Capt. Alex. W. Marshall, the commander of the Washington Light Infantry, next addressed the meeting as follows :

MR. CHAIRMAN :

Representing the active company, it has been my privilege to act as treasurer of the "W. D. Porter Memorial Fund," and in that capacity I have received many communications, brief extracts from a few of which will be appropriate on this occasion. With your permission, sir, I will read them.

The first is from our senior ex-commander, Col. L. M. Hatch, as follows :

"How many delightful hours, all through very nearly fifty years—how many bright, kindly, gentle, wise thoughts—never a harsh or bad one : never a word or an act that one could wish unsaid or undone—not one left of those ahead of me in Florida—how many gone even of those who went with us to the Cowpens in 1856. What a pleasure, even if a sad one, it is to look now at his photograph taken February 22d, 1873—how thankful I am to have it. I can recall many, now far off evenings, when meeting for company business, we gathered around the fire, listening mainly to his talk. Porter the only one I can now

recall as present of the then eight or ten elder W. L. I's. What an influence has he not exerted; his two addresses on Washington, to my mind, would do for the life-work of most men. He held up to view for all time the cloud for the day and the fire for the night, the true model on which to mould national character for this continent and age."

Mr. John W. Rice, for many years associated influentially with our company, now a resident of New York, writes:

"I was attracted to the company and became a member while my life-long friend was in command, and for nearly forty years have had a profound respect and reverence for the good old captain. It is an honor to have the privilege of uniting with others in rearing a mural monument to his memory. To be worthy of such a man, it should not be wanting in design or construction: the simple record of his many virtues will be his best epitaph."

W. D. Clancy, Esq., writes:

"I esteem it a great privilege to be included among those who propose to do honor to the memory of such a man as Mr. Porter. Apart from his distinguished citizenship, my zeal in this movement is quickened by the consciousness that for many long years I was permitted to share his personal confidence and affection."

Capt. James Lowndes, an honorary member of the company now residing in Washington, writes:

"I know of no one whom I respected more or

whose memory I am more glad to aid in perpetuating."

The Boston Light Infantry, which welcomed the Washington Light Infantry to the Bunker Hill Centennial in 1875, writes:

"This company appreciates the courteous privilege extended of contributing to such a worthy object as an enduring memorial to your gifted orator and ex-commander. May the fraternity of the Washington Light Infantry and the Boston Light Infantry long continue."

I will conclude by giving you the words of one of Carolina's most distinguished and honored sons, the Hon. Wm. Porcher Miles, now a resident of Louisiana, who writes:

"No one felt a higher regard and admiration for Mr. Porter than I did; and I may add, no one entertained for him a stronger personal affection. Closely associated with him while I was Mayor (he being City Attorney), I learned to appreciate fully both his character and intellect. I never was brought in contact with a more lucid, logical, and calmly judicial mind. It was wonderful how clearly and comprehensively he grasped all the points—and especially the salient ones—of any case presented to him; disengaging them from everything superfluous and extraneous; and how compactly—and yet fully—he would give an opinion covering the whole matter. And, as *a man*, how pure and true a type he was of all that made up our old-fashioned ideal of a genuine South Carolinian! And exemplary in every relation of life; of un-

swerving integrity : of sterling worth with never the faintest shadow of reproach on his good name—kindly, affectionate, charitable. Would that Carolina young men, reverencing such noble traits of character as he possessed, would pattern themselves after William Denison Porter.”

Upon motion the meeting then adjourned.

MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

CHAS. H. SIMONTON.

JAMES CONNER.	OCT. WILKIE.
WM. A. COURTENAY.	J. L. HONOUR.
R. C. GILCHRIST.	R. LEBBY, SR., M. D.
GEORGE D. BRYAN.	WM. THAYER.
ALEX. W. MARSHALL, <i>Captain.</i>	R. SIEGLING.
J. LAMB JOHNSTON, <i>1st Lieut.</i>	H. B. OLNEY.
W. LUCAS SIMONS, <i>Jr. 1st Lieut.</i>	ALVA GAGE.
W. M. MUCKENFUSS, <i>2nd Lieut.</i>	W. M. BIRD.
A. TOOMER PORTER, D. D., <i>Chaplain.</i>	T. GRANGE SIMONS, M. D.
F. L. PARKER, M. D., <i>Surgeon.</i>	F. P. SALAS.
	GEO. B. EDWARDS.

AUG 24 1932

